

Christmas Carol

By Phillips Brooks

The earth has grown old with its burden of care,
But at Christmas it always is young,
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,
And its soul full of music bursts forth on the air,
When the song of the angels is sung.

It is coming, Old Earth, it is coming tonight!
On the snow-flakes which cover thy sod

The feet of the Christ-child fall gentle and white,
And the voice of the Christ-child tells out with delight
That mankind are the children of God.

On the sad and the lonely, the wretched and poor,
The voice of the Christ-child shall fall;
And to every blind wanderer open the door
Of hope that he dared not to dream of before,
With a sunshine of welcome for all.

The feet of the humblest may walk in the field
Where the feet of the Holiest trod,
This, then, is the marvel to mortals revealed
When the silver trumpets of Christmas have pealed,
That mankind are the children of God.



THE ROAD TO CHRISTMAS

In Retrospect Grandfather Pictures Yuletide Journeys of Many Years Ago.

All the year long we have been traveling toward Christmas—I and my old wife, our children and our grandchildren—not all by the same road, not all with the same expectations, but all looking out alike for the first glimpse of its smoke rising above the wintry landscape of the year. Now we can almost fancy that we hear the chiming of the famous bells—all Christmas towns are famous for their bells—and we know that we shall soon be at our inn.

If life be a journey, and each year a stage upon the road, I do not know where else a sensible man would stop for the recruiting of his health than the fine old Christmas towns. There, if anywhere, men are to be found living together merrily; the inns are warm, the cheer is good, the amusements are of the heartiest, and the society is of the best. I have been through many a Christmas town—for I have traveled far—and have rested thoroughly in each. I never found two of them alike. Of late they have been much grayer and quieter than they used formerly to be; but I do not think that I have been less happy of the quiet towns at which I have of late years resided. Let me confess so much. As for these about me who declare them to be not quiet by any means, but perfectly uproarious with jollity, I do not interfere with their opinion. Children so easily deceive themselves; it is enough for me that I am old enough to see things as they are.

Nansen's Christmas Adventure.
The famous Norwegian navigator, Nansen, in his thrilling description of the expedition for the discovery of the north pole, gives an account of the first Christmas, when their vessel was fast locked in Arctic ice. Outside, the thermometer stood at 38 below zero, but in the cabin all was merriment and good cheer.

The menu of their dinner embraced ox-tail soup, fish pudding, roasted reindeer, with cranberry jam, and the dessert included Christmas cakes, "marsh-mallows," coffee, figs, almonds and raisins. He says: "We could hardly have been better off at home." Even the Arctic cold and the faraway loneliness could not chill the Christmas spirit.

The First Christmas Tree.
"It's the Germans who brought the Christmas tree to America," the German said. "Didn't you know that? The duke of Hesse sold a regiment, called 'The Hessians,' after him, to fight the Americans. They got so drunk over their first Christmas tree that they forgot to go home and that started the fashion of Christmas trees in America. It's history."

Christmas in Jamaica.
The Jamaica negroes collect all bits of odds and ends of finery with which to array themselves on the eve of Christmas, and, choosing a king and queen, follow these leaders about, blowing horns, beating drums and doing mischief generally.

SOME IDEAS FOR DECORATIONS

How to Make the Home Look Bright and Cheerful for the Holidays.

In massing holly for use on the Christmas table it repays one to wipe off the leaves with a cloth dipped in a very little olive oil, says the Housekeeper. Tall candles should light the feast and the holly leaves reflect the twinkling lights in a beautiful manner. If a chandelier hangs over the dining table a feature which will delight the children is to have a nosegay of artificial flowers suspended from the chandelier to within a foot of the table by means of a red ribbon. This bouquet should have the paper puff of the old-time fashion, and the bouquet itself will be found to be a shower bouquet, one small nosegay for each person, in the depths of which some trifling gift is hidden.

Snowballs of cotton, tightly wound with white ribbon, also conceal gifts most attractively, while the cheap but pretty little Santa Claus candy boxes, for sale at favor shops, are effective upon the Christmas table, and will hold quite a good-sized package, or, of course, may be used to hold the bonbons for which they are intended. For a luncheon or high tea during Christmas week, a beautiful table may be set by employing the use of green linen runners embroidered in white. A holly bell or a bunch of red carnations in a cut-glass vase will touch the center of the table to brilliancy and soft garlands of southern moss may lightly edge the linen runners, or dollies if they be used instead.

The colonial glass candlesticks are still in favor, and nothing is more attractive in a country house. With tall green or red tapers, a group of these candlesticks placed in a mass of holly as a centerpiece is both appropriate and beautiful.

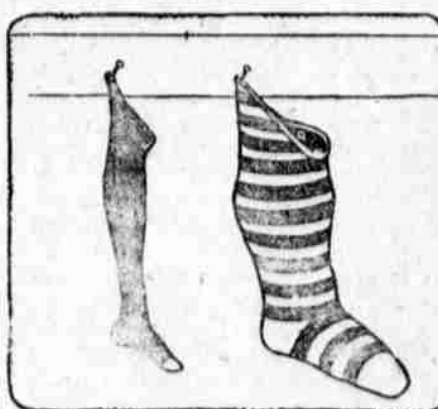
A quaint little Christmas tree may be used as a centerpiece by procuring at the florist's a little "pepper plant," which has lovely green leaves and red berries. Wound with glittering tinsel and tied with candied fruits held in place with wee baby ribbons, or hung with little favors of French jewelry or articles of trifling worth, the little tree makes a centerpiece of charm.

"THE PRINCE OF PEACE"

His Wonderful Influence Continues and Widens Through the World.

All the old troublous questions of the origin and destination of the Gallie Carpenter have passed, notes a writer in Collier's. All the mediaeval worriment in discriminating between human and divine has gone, all the puzzled inquiry into the miraculous. No longer is mankind stirred over the non-essential. Theories of him fade away, dogmas of his nature lose their charm. His gentleness has conquered. His influence continues and widens. Slowly brightening, the gleam that touched him spreads through the world. His spirit moves on the face of civilization, and makes it kinder every generation. The touch of his hand is on the grief-stricken. Nurse, physician, and nun are the messengers of his teaching. The vestal fires burned out, but never the fires of his spirit, which answer each other from mountain-top to mountain-top across the continents. And deep in the heart of the people they make family life sweeter and ease the bitterness of failure and ignorance and all life's incompleteness. That wonder-working personality was never so potent as today—so insistent and tenderly sure. Under a thousand forms, creeds and names, men serve him. And however far we go in the conquest of nature, identifying the north pole, climbing the sky, prying open electrical forces, mapping out the subliminal, diminishing sin, disease, war, poverty, ignorance—always in the advance will be that gracious figure of the Sinless One, who showed Love as the rule of life. One Perfect Man—ardent and gentle—the race will never tire of him.

BY SIZES



Some people expect so much more than others.—Life.

Lost—Sorrel pony branded bar-diamond on left shoulder. Finder please notify E. H. Bingham and be rewarded. tf

CHRISTMAS COMING

HOW THE HOLIDAY IS REGARDED BY DIFFERENT PEOPLE.

It Depends Entirely on One's View-point as to What the Day Brings to Each—The Child and Pater Differ.



"CHRISTMAS is coming!" shouts the schoolboy, flinging his cap in the air. "Turkey and pudding! Mince pie, jolly pantomimes, and parties! Hurrah for Christmas!"

"Christmas is coming," says the draper. "Turn one of our showrooms into a toy bazar and get out the list of tickets required for the New Year's sale. What a good job Christmas has not followed in the steps of other old institutions. Thank goodness for Christmas!"

"Christmas is coming," murmurs the employe of the latter. "Hours of extra unpaid labor; bullying, sweating, hurry scurry to catch the train, then helga! for home and holidays. If it only came quicker and stayed longer we should say 'Welcome Christmas!'"

"Christmas is coming," says busy mother. "There's the pudding, cakes and mince-meat to make. And the shopping there is to do! Presents for the little ones' stockings, not forgetting something warm for father to wear, and some new curtains to make the house look gay. Christmas is coming—the busiest time of all the year—and the happiest."

"Christmas is coming," muses the child, gazing dreamily into the fire. "I wonder what Santa Claus will bring me this year? Let's see, I've written out 'doll,' 'perambulator,' and 'picture book,' and all three pieces of paper went up the chimney all right—though I'm not quite sure whether I spelt 'perambulator' just right. Still, Santa Claus will understand. Oh! I do hope he'll be quick and come. Dear old Father Christmas!"

"Dear, indeed!" echoes Pater. "Thank goodness he does only come once a year, for I should soon find myself in the bankruptcy court were he a frequent visitor. No wonder the abbreviation of the word 'Christmas' starts with 'X,' for it is the period of the 'ex's.' The young folk may hang their stockings, but I say hang Christmas!"

"Christmas is coming," reflects the errand boy as he fixes the sprig of mistletoe to his cap. "I must be on my best behavior for the next few days, no loitering on my errands, no back-answers when I'm grumbled at, then great shall be the number of my Christmas boxes."

"Christmas is coming," sneers the dyspeptic. "The time for over-feeding and drunkenness, cheap sentiment and evergreens. Turkey and mince-meat! Ugh! the combination makes me shudder. How thankful I shall be when Christmas is gone!"

Christmas is coming. She murmurs the word as she stoops reverently over a tiny pair of shoes, a little white frock and blue sash, lying in a sacred corner of the drawer. Many Christmases ago these shoes pattered lightly hither and thither under a pair of eager, restless feet, that ribbon encircled a fairy form that danced in and out helping and hindering in a thousand ways the numerous preparations for Yule-ide. A film of tears suddenly spreads over mother's eyes as she shuts the drawer and turns sharply away. Cruel Christmas! when you bring such memories as this for your gift.

Christmas Crackers.
Do "plants" for making pretty gifts grow up to Christmas trees? And are "the sea-sons' greetings" sent by salt sons of the seas?

Are Yule-logs cut from snowdriftwood by Yule-tide washed ashore? And could you stub a mistletoe against a parlor door?

If Eve had tried from holly-twigs a party-gown to weave, Do you suppose that Adam would have called her "Christmas Eve?"

Saint Nicholas in autosleigh defies police and law: Do regulations as to speed contain a Santa clause? —Lippincott's.

Locking One's Best.

It's a woman's delight to look her best but pimples, skin eruptions, sores and boils rob life of joy. Listen! Bucklen's Arnica Salve cures them; makes the skin soft and velvety. It glorifies the face. Cures pimples, Sore Eyes, Cold Sores, Cracked Lips, Chapped Hands. Try it. Infalible for Piles. 25c at All Druggists.

Good home for sale in Garland. Easy terms. Apply to Thos. Wise, Owens Meat Market, Garland. o9-tf

Christmas Holiday Rates

Reduced rates for Christmas and holidays via O. S. L. R. R. Tickets on sale, Dec. 18th, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 31st and Jan. 1st. Return limit Jan. 3rd. d11j1

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CHRISTMAS

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